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YPRES, 1915:
HELLO?
HELLO, LADS?
COME ON, WHO'S AWAKE?
COME ON, YOU LAZY BUGGERS.
HARRY? CHALKY? COME ON, WAKE UP AND I'LL MAKE US ALL A CUP OF TEA, HOW'S THAT?
LADS?
OH GOD. OH GOD, SISSY. GOD, I'M IN A MESS.
I WISH I WAS HOME WITH YOU AND MUM, BUT I'M DONE FOR, SISSY. WE'RE ALL DONE FOR.
NO. GOD'S UNIVERSE IS NOT ITSELF UNKIND.
THERE IS LOVE, AND THERE IS COMFORT...

PROMETHEA

N★O★M★A★N★S★L★A★N★D

ALAN MOORE writer

SCOTT DUNBIER editor

J.H. WILLIAMS III penciller

MICK GRAY inker

JEROMY COX, NICK BELL & ALEX SINCLAIR colors

TODD KLEIN letters

ERIC DeSANTIS asst. editor

PROMETHEA created by Alan Moore and J.H. Williams III

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I--I'VE GONE ALREADY, HAVEN'T I? I'M DEAD, AND YOU'RE AN ANGEL. I--I'VE HEARD OF CHAPS WHO'VE SEEN 'EM...
YOU'RE NOT DEAD, BUT YOUR FOOT IS WOUNDED AND INFECTED. WE MUST GET YOU TO SAFETY, SWIFTLY.
AND I'M NOT AN ANGEL. NOT EXACTLY.
MY NAME'S PROMETHEA.
CAN YOU STAND?
Y-YES, IF YOU'LL HELP ME.
I...I CAN'T PLACE YOUR VOICE. SOMETIMES YOU SOUND LIKE AN ARAB, AND SOMETIMES LIKE A YANK.
I'M A LITTLE OF BOTH.
DEAR, GRACIOUS GODS. ALL OF THESE STINKING HOLES ARE FULL OF CORPSES. CHILDREN, LIKE YOU...
W-WE'RE MEN. I'M EIGHTEEN. WELL, ALMOST...
WE'RE DOING THIS FOR OUR COUNTRY. A-AND GOD'S WITH US.
I MEAN, ISN'T HE? YOU'D KNOW, WOULDN'T YOU?
THIS IS WHAT GOD WANTS, ISN'T IT?
NO. THIS IS WHAT GOD'S TRYING TO HELP US UP FROM.
COME WITH ME. WE HAVE LONG, DARK MILES TO TREAD BEFORE THE DAWN...

POLICE
...AND ACCORDING TO THE SOLDIER, SHE SAID, "COME WITH ME. WE HAVE LONG, DARK MILES TO TREAD BEFORE THE DAWN."
THEN SHE HELPS HIM BACK BEHIND HIS OWN LINES. I'VE READ A LOT OF SIMILAR ACCOUNTS, BUT THIS IS THE MOST DETAILED...
YEAH. GOD, SOPH, THIS PROMETHEA STUFF. WHEN YOU LOOK AT HOW MUCH THERE IS ABOUT HER...
SCHOOL OF ELEVATED M
I MEAN, IT'S SORT OF CREEPY.
ALL THIS STUFF I FOUND ON THE NET, LIKE SOME WOMAN AT A CHURCH SERVICE WHO SUDDENLY STARTED TESTIFYING, BEGINNING, "I AM PROMETHEA..."
THEN THERE'S THIS HELENE CIXOUS BOOK, WHICH WE ACTUALLY HAD IN THE LIBRARY HERE AT COLLEGE.
WHAT'S THAT?
MYTH AND LEGEND OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR
IT'S CALLED "THE BOOK OF PROMETHEA," AND IT'S TRANSLATED FROM FRENCH BY SOMEONE CALLED BETSY WING.
IT'S SORT OF LIKE THE BOOK CONJURES THIS IDEAL LOVER, THIS IMAGINARY GODDESS. HERE, LISTEN TO THIS...
"FIRST OF ALL, PROMETHEA IS A WOMAN..."
A MILLION KILLED
"I CAN DESCRIBE HER AND I WILL DO SO. IT WILL BE HARD BECAUSE SHE HAS A SIMPLICITY THAT DEFIES DESCRIPTION.
"BUT AT THE SAME TIME SHE IS A HEROINE OF INFINITY."
WOW. THAT'S BEAUTIFUL. AND THIS IS A WOMAN WRITING THIS?
WELL, LIKE, YEAH.
The Book of PROMETHEA by Helene Cixous
I MEAN, THE AUTHOR HAPPENS TO BE A LESBIAN. BUT, LIKE, SO WHAT?

I MEAN, GOD, THIS IS 1999! YOU KNOW, SOPH, SOMETIMES YOU CAN BE REAL HOMOPHOBIC!
HUH? I THOUGHT I WAS AN ENORMOUS LESBO...
YEAH, WELL, YOU'RE AN ENORMOUS HOMOPHOBIC CLOSET LESBO.
ANYWAY, I'M TAKING THIS BOOK HOME JUST OUT OF INTELLECTUAL CURIOSITY, SO YOU BETTER NOT MAKE FUN OF ME.
SOPHIE? SOPHIE BANGS? WE RECEIVED A MESSAGE FOR YOU, IN THE OFFICE...
OH, HI, MRS. LUCAS. WHAT'S UP?
WELL, WE GOT A CALL FROM SOUTH TOWER HOSPITAL. SEEMS THERE'S A FRIEND OF YOURS THERE.. THEY, UH...
THEY SAID YOU SHOULD GO RIGHT AWAY.
OH GOD.
BARBARA.

SOUTH TOWER HOSPITAL
16401
HEY! HEY, I KNOW YOU! WE SAW YOU LAST NIGHT!
A-AND THAT WOMAN WHO WAS HERE EARLIER! SHE'S SOMETHING TO DO WITH YOU...
HUH? LOOK, I'M HERE VISITING A SICK FRIEND. I GOTTA GO...
YES...
YES, THAT'S PRETTY MUCH WHAT SHE SAID.

OH GOD. B-BARBARA? WHAT'S WRONG?
C-COMPLICATIONS. I THINK I GOT AN INFECTION.
LOOKS LIKE THAT SON-OF-A-BITCH SMEE WAS RIGHT. HE KILLED ME AFTER ALL.
LISTEN, YOU'RE NOT DEAD. YOU'RE GOING TO BE OKAY...
YEAH, SURE. EXCEPT THAT AIN'T WHAT JACK FAUST TOLD YOU IN THE LIBRARY THIS MORNING.
ME AND THE OTHER PROMETHEAS. WE WERE WATCHING FROM THE IMMATERIA.
OTHER PROMETHEAS?
BARBARA, IF YOU WERE WATCHING, THEN YOU KNOW WHAT FAUST SAID, ABOUT PROMETHEA...
...ENDING THE WORLD. YEAH, YEAH. SOPHIE, FAUST WAS MESSING WITH YOUR HEAD. THAT'S WHAT MAGICIANS DO.
YOU'VE GOT BIGGER PROBLEMS.
BENNY SOLOMON IS HEADING YOUR WAY WITH THE FULL TWENTY SIX-PACKS OF DEVILS.
YOU HAVE TO GO INTO THE IMMATERIA.
YOU HAVE TO LEARN HOW TO DEAL WITH IT.
RIGHT NOW. IN YOUR MIND.
NGHHH...
YEAH. YOU GOT IT. JUST LET EVERY-THING SLIDE.
FAUST DID THIS TO YOU TOO, DIDN'T HE? THE LAYIN' ON O' HANDS?
JUST LET GO. YOU'RE NEARLY THERE. YOU'RE NEARLY...

GOD. GOD, IT'S DIFFERENT EVERY TIME.
OKAY...
OKAY, I'M IMAGINING THIS. I'M SITTING IN THE HOSPITAL, AND I'M IMAGINING THIS...
DEBATABLE.
DEBATABLE? WHY, IT'S PRACTICALLY INTRACTABLE!
SHE'S CLEARLY SITTING HERE, IMAGINING A HOSPITAL, YET SHE CLAIMS THE COMPLETE REVERSE!
I AGREE! IT'S WORSE THAN INTRACTABLE! IT'S UNFALSIFIABLE!
IN FACT, IT'S VERY NEAR INEFFABLE!
>AWWWRRKK<

DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO TRADE?
WH-WHAT ARE YOU?
WE ARE SUPREME DEITIES OF THE COSMOS! ≥AWWWRRK≤
WE CAN PROVE IT! WE HAVE LOVELY NUMBERS, AND WE TALK BACK TO FRONT!
T-TRADE? I--I DON'T REMEMBER. IS THAT WHY I CAME HERE...?
OF COURSE IT IS! YOU MUST RECALL, WE MADE ARRANGEMENTS WITH YOUR AUNT. ALL THE IMPORTANT BALLOONS WERE TRUNCATED.
HURRY UP AND DECIDE! IT'S IMPECCATIVE!
VERMIN, BE GONE!
I'LL NOT HAVE PANDELIRIUMS IN THIS PLACE!
≥AWW RRKK?≤

I THINK YOU HEARD ME
LEAVE, OR BURN!
;AWWWW RRRRKKK!;
JEEZ
W-WHAT WERE THEY?
THE PANDELIRIUMS? OH, THEY'RE JUST DISTRACTIONS GIBBERISH, FLUTTERING THOUGHTS TO LEAD THE MIND ASTRAY. YOU HAVE TO BE STERN WITH THEM.
I'M MARGARET, BY THE WAY YOU MUST BE SOPHIE.

UH, YEAH. SOPHIE BANGS. I GUESS YOU'RE HERE TO MEET ME BECAUSE..
..BECAUSE I'M WHO YOU THOUGHT ABOUT MOST RECENTLY. YES. THE RULES ARE SURPRISINGLY SIMPLE, ONCE YOU KNOW THEM.
I'M GLAD YOU CAME, SOPHIE. YOU NEED COUNSELLING. YOU NEED ADVICE
YEAH. THAT'S WHAT BARBARA SAID.
LISTEN, FIRST OFF, I AM SITTING IN A HOSPITAL IMAGINING THIS CONVERSATION, RIGHT?
WELL, YES. YOUR BODY IS SITTING IN A PHYSICAL LOCATION, AND THIS IS ALL IN THE IMAGINATION. NOT YOUR IMAGINATION, THOUGH.
THE IMAGINATION.
"THE IMAGINATION"? YOU MAKE IT SOUND LIKE THERE'S ONLY ONE OF THEM
THERE IS. THERE'S A MATERIAL WORLD, AND THERE'S AN IMMATERIAL WORLD. BOTH WORLDS EXIST, BUT IN DIFFERENT WAYS.
FOR EXAMPLE, CHAIRS EXIST. SO DOES THE IDEA OF CHAIRS.
WELL...YEAH, BUT...I MEAN, EVERYBODY'S IMAGINATIONS ARE SEPARATE, AREN'T THEY? I MEAN, EVERYONE HAS THEIR OWN PRIVATE MENTAL SPACE...
OF COURSE THEY DO. JUST LIKE THEIR HOUSE IS THEIR OWN PRIVATE PHYSICAL SPACE
BUT THE TERRITORY OUTDOORS BELONGS TO EVERYONE.
BUT IF YOUR MIND BEHAVED LIKE A PLACE...
I MEAN, EVERY TIME ANYONE FOLLOWED A TRAIL OF THOUGHT...
...THEY'D BE WALKING A PATHWAY IN THE IMMATERIA.
HUMANS ARE AMPHIBIOUS, SOPHIE. THAT MEANS THEY LIVE IN TWO WORLDS AT ONCE: MATTER AND MIND...

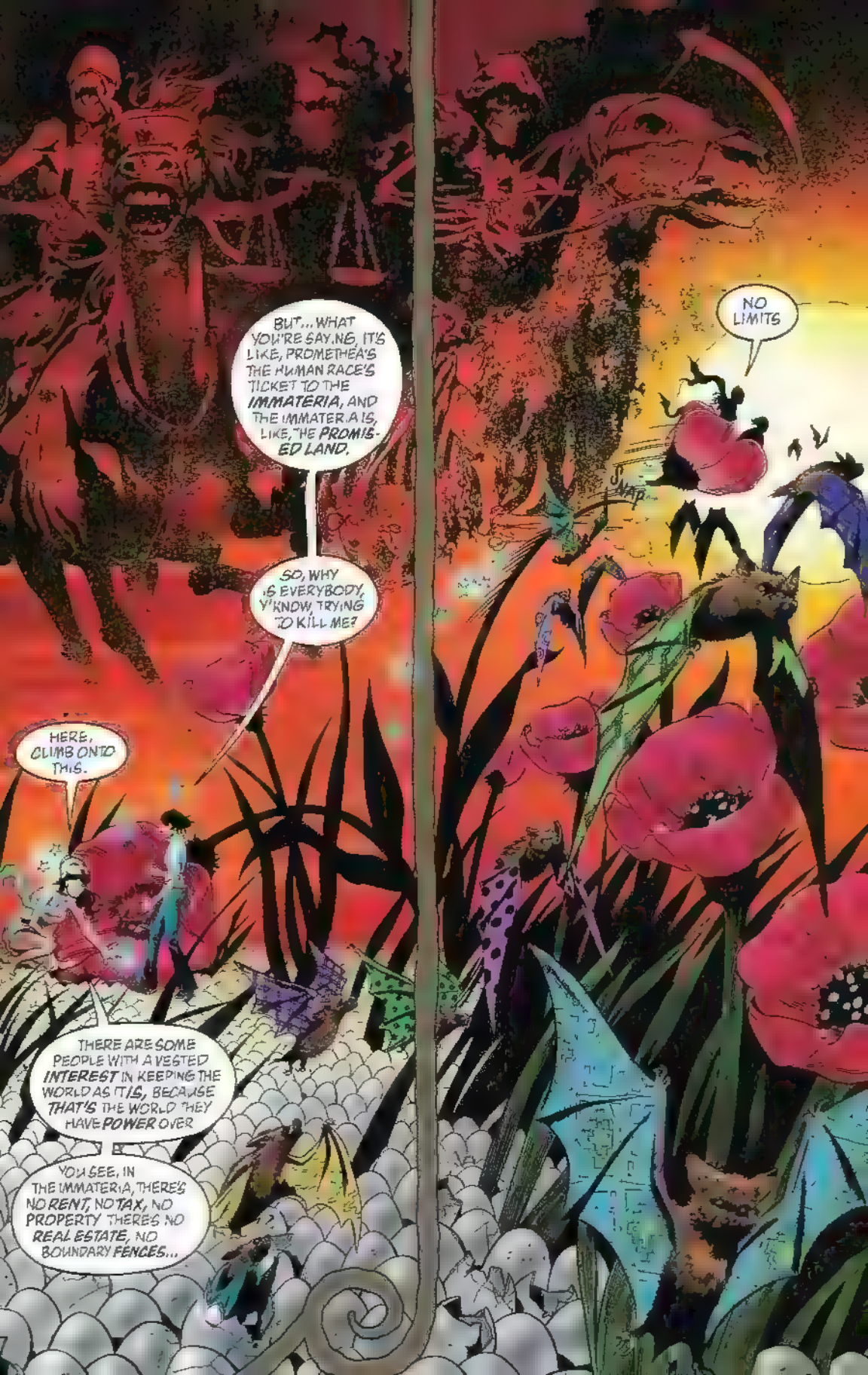
YET MANY PEOPLE ONLY NOTICE THE SOLID WORLD THEY HAVE BEEN CONDITIONED TO THINK OF AS MORE REAL...
...WHILE ALL ABOUT THEM DIAMOND GLACIERS CREAK AND STAR-VOLCANOES THUNDER.
BUT WHAT ABOUT IDEAS? WHY DO SOME PEOPLE HAVE BETTER IDEAS THAN OTHERS?
IDEAS GROW LIKE FLOWERS HERE SOME ARE COMMON IDEAS, FOUND EVERYWHERE...
...BUT IF YOU WANT THE RARER IDEAS, THE MORE EXOTIC BLOSSOMS, YOU HAVE TO TRAVEL FURTHER.
ARTISTS, SCIENTISTS, PHILOSOPHERS...THEY'RE THE PIONEERS OF THESE TERRITORIES.
BUT YOU'RE SAYING ANYBODY COULD EXPLORE THIS PLACE IF THEY WANTED TO?
YES. THAT'S WHY PROMETHEA'S ENEMIES FIND HER SO THREATENING.
IT'S WHAT SHE REPRESENTS.

PROMETHEA MAKES PEOPLE MORE AWARE OF THIS VAST IMMATERIAL REALM MAYBE TEMPTS THEM TO EXPLORE IT
IMAGINE IF TOO MANY PEOPLE FOLLOWED WHERE SHE LED?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I MEAN JACK FAUST TOLD YOU THAT PROMETHEA WAS INTENDED TO END THE WORLD
IN A WAY, HE WAS RIGHT
IT WOULD BE LIKE THE GREAT DEVONIAN LEAP, FROM SEA TO LAND.
HUMANITY SCUTTERING UP THE BEACH, FROM ONE ELEMENT INTO ANOTHER.
FROM MATTER... TO MIND
WE HAVE MANY NAMES FOR THIS EVENT WE CALL IT "THE RAPTURE" WE CALL IT "THE OPENING OF THE 32ND PATH"
WE CALL IT THE AWAKENING, OR THE REVELATION, OR THE APOCALYPSE.
BUT "END OF THE WORLD" WILL DO
UHH BUT... THE END OF THE WORLD. THAT'S A BAD THING, RIGHT?

IS IT?
"THE WORLD" ISN'T THE PLANET, OR THE LIFE AND PEOPLE ON IT.
THE WORLD IS OUR SYSTEMS, OUR POLITICS, OUR ECONOMIES...OUR IDEAS OF THE WORLD!
IT'S OUR FLAGS AND OUR BANKNOTES AND OUR BORDER WARS
I WAS AT YPRES. I WAS AT THE SOMME.
I SAY END THIS FILTHY MESS NOW.
JACK FAUST...H-HE SAID PROMETHEA WAS HER FATHER'S DYING CURSE UPON HUMANITY...
CURSE? PROMETHEA WASN'T THIS CURSE UPON EXISTENCE
SHE WAS HIS GIFT TO IT.

PROMETHEA IS IMAGINATION. WHAT OTHER COMFORT DID THE POOR BOYS WHO DIED HERE HAVE?
WHAT ELSE, EXCEPT WILFRED OWEN'S POEMS, OR THE ANGEL OF MONS...
...OR PROMETHEA?
...IF YOU'D HAVE HEARD THEM, ALL THOSE BOYS.
THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO THEY WERE CALLING FOR THEIR MOTHE...
F-FOR THEIR MUH.

PLEASE EXCUSE ME
IT'S SILLY, REALLY I WAS JUST A CARTOONIST. MY ONLY CONCERNS WERE MY ART, MY DEADLINES AND MY PAYCHECK
THEN PROMETHEA HAPPENED TO ME, AND ALL OF A SUDDEN I FELT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PROBLEMS OF THE WORLD, FOR EVERY AVOIDABLE DISASTER AND PLAGUE.
WHEN THE FIRST WORLD WAR ERUPTED, IT FELT LIKE A PERSONAL FAILURE...
BUT... I MEAN, WARS JUST HAPPEN. HOW IS THAT A FAILURE ON YOUR PART?
BECAUSE PROMETHEA IS IMAGINATION... AND BECAUSE WAR, ALL WAR AND CONFLICT, IS NAUGHT BUT THE FAILURE OF IMAGINATION.
THE FOUR HORSEMEN DON'T CAUSE THE APOCALYPSE AFTER ALL, THEY'VE BEEN RIDING FOR CENTURIES, HANGING OVER OUR HEADS.
THEY MERELY SYMBOLIZE WHAT LIFE ON EARTH IS ALREADY LIKE. THEY SHOW US WHY WE NEED AN APOCALYPSE.
MANKIND MUST IMAGINE A WAY TO RISE ABOVE THE PERILOUS MATERIAL SITUATION THAT IT HAS CREATED. THAT'S WHY PROMETHEA IS NECESSARY.


BUT... WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, IT'S LIKE, PROMETHEA'S THE HUMAN RACE'S TICKET TO THE IMMATERIA, AND THE IMMATERIA IS, LIKE, THE PROMISED LAND.
SO, WHY IS EVERYBODY, Y'KNOW, TRYING TO KILL ME?
HERE, CLIMB ONTO THIS.
THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE WITH A VESTED INTEREST IN KEEPING THE WORLD AS IT IS, BECAUSE THAT'S THE WORLD THEY HAVE POWER OVER
YOU SEE, IN THE IMMATERIA, THERE'S NO RENT, NO TAX, NO PROPERTY THERE'S NO REAL ESTATE, NO BOUNDARY FENCES...
NO LIMITS
SWAP

IT'S IMPORTANT THAT YOU UNDERSTAND HOW MEASURELESS IN POWER AND SPLENDOR ARE THE TERR TORIES WHICH YOU REPRESENT.
IN TRUTH, THE BEAUTIES OF THE SOLID AND MATERIAL UNIVERSE ARE BUT A PART OF THE RICH SPECTRUM OF EXISTENCE
THE ONE-TENTH OF AN ICEBERG THAT IS VISIBLE ABOVE THE TIDELINE OF REALITY.
MATTER IS THAT PART OF BEING THAT HAS CRYSTALLIZED, WHERE THE MIND'S LIGHT HAS PETRIFIED TO CONCRETE SUBSTANCE.
BEYOND SUBSTANCE IS IMAGINATION, THE MOONLIT REALM OF DREAM AND FICTION, SEXUAL FANTASY AND THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND.
THESE LUNAR ATTRIBUTES, IMAGINATION AND ROMANCE, ARE THE GEM-CRUSTED GATEWAYS OF THE IMMATERIA
JUST THE GATEWAY? BUT I THOUGHT DREAMS AND IMAGINATION WERE, LIKE, THE WHOLE DEAL?
NO. THEY'RE JUST THE WAY IN. BEYOND THE LUNAR SPHERE LIES THE MERCURIAL DOMAIN OF INTELLECT AND SCIENCE, OF MAGIC AND OF LANGUAGE.
HUMANKIND'S MOST PRECIOUS GIFT, COMMUNICATION, WAS ITS WELLSPRING HERE STILL, INTELLECT ISN'T EVERY-THING...
SO...LIKE, THE IMMATERIA...IT'S A MAP OF WHATS INSIDE PEOPLE. NOT JUST THE UNIVERSE BEYOND THEM?
THE WORLDS INSIDE AND OUTSIDE US HAVE THE SAME STRUCTURE, THE SAME PATTERN.
JOURNEYING BEYOND EVEN THE INTELLECTUAL IDEA OF SHAPE OR FORM, WE NEXT TRAVERSE THE RICH VENUSIAN LANDSCAPE OF EMOTION.

PASSING THAT, STILL MORE RAREFIED, MORE TENUOUS EVEN THAN FEELINGS, LOVE OR JOY OR SORROW, LIE THE GOLDEN, SOLAR REACHES OF THE HUMAN SOUL.
THIS IS THE BURNISHED FLECK OF SELF WITHIN EACH INDIVIDUAL, THE HIGHEST HUMAN PLANE WITHIN THE IMMATERIA.
BEYOND LIE THE TRANSHUMAN REALMS OF FORCES ABSOLUTE AND UNIVERSAL.
WHOAH! TH- THE WEATHER FEELS LIKE IT'S GETTING ROUGHER!
WE'RE MOVING THROUGH THE STERN AND MARTIAL STRATOSPHERES OF UNIVERSAL JUDGMENT, TILTING IN THE VERY BALANCE OF THE COSMOS.
HOLD TIGHT, SOPHIE, HOLD TIGHT...
AAA! I'M SLIPPING! WHERE DID ALL THESE RAIN CLOUDS COME FROM?
PAST UNIVERSAL JUDGMENT ARE THE SHELTERING, JUPITERIAN SKIES OF UNIVERSAL MERCY, WHERE THE GODS OF STORM AND LIGHTNING PLAY.
BEYOND THAT IS THE CHASM AT THE FAR EDGE OF EXISTENCE, WHERE...
DAMN! IT'S NO GOOD. WE'RE TIPPING OVER...
MARGARET! MARGARET, WE'RE FALLING!
DON'T WORRY! REMEMBER, THIS WHOLE JOURNEY IS THROUGH YOUR IMAGINATION!
YOU CAN'T BE HURT! YOUR BODY IS
SOMEWHERE
ELSE...

UH-OH
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED HERE?
UH... SN'T THAT THE COLLEGE KID WHO CAME VISIT NG THE SHELLEY WOMAN?
YES, AND SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS. GOD, I HOPE IT'S NOT THAT WEIRD INFECTION THAT'S KILLING SHELLEY
GET ME A SQUEALCHAIR OVER HERE..
SURE Y'KNOW, TH S WHOLE SHELLEY THING IS CREEPY YOU SEE THAT SCIENCE HEROINE WHO VISITED HER? THE ARAB WOMAN WITH THE SNAKES?
YEAH. IT'S THE MILLENNIUM, I GUESS CRAZY TIMES.
HELP ME LIFT HER
UNFF! THERE YOU GO, BOY, SHE'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT. YOU THINK SHE'S ON DOPE?
COULD BE. WE'LL STICK HER IN A SIDE-WARD DOWNSTAIRS AND KEEP AN EYE ON HER
INCIDENTALLY, YOU HEAR ANY MORE ON THE BASKER-VILLE CASE?
WHAT, THE MAYOR? YEAH, I SAW ON TEXTure HOW ONE OF HIS MULTIPLE PERSONAL-ITIES, "LITTLE SONNY," ALSO HAS MULT PLE PERSONALITIES. GO FIGURE.
OKAY, YOU GO HOLD THE ELEVATOR...
WILL DO GOD, MULTIPLE PERSONALITIES WITH MULTIPLE PERSON-ALITIES.
THE MIND'S A PECULIAR PLACE

OKAY, EASY. DON'T LET THE DOORS CLOSE...
...REPORTED SEEING THE PAINTED DOLL HAUL HIMSELF OUT OF THE HUDSON THIS MORN NG. SO HE SUR-VIVED. I JUST HOPE MARV DOES, TOO.
KENNETH? ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME, BUD?
zzzzz
UHH...
LISTENING TO ME, BUD?
UHH...
LISTENING TO ME, BUD?
UHHH...
zzzzzzzzzz
UH, YES. YES, OF COURSE I-I M SORRY, STAN. I WAS JUST NOTIC NG THAT TEENAGE GIRL THEY BROUGHT OUT OF THE ELEVATOR.
WE MET HER LAST NIGHT, BEFORE THE FIREFIGHT.
YEAH YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT.
SHE SURE GETS AROUND, DON'T SHE?

GNNGH...
GUGGHH!
WHAT...?
BLUHH...
FFFUH! MARGARET?
MARGARET, WHERE DID YOU GO?
MARGARET?
AW, CRAP.
LOOK, YOU CAN GET OUT OF THIS. IT'S JUST IMAGINATION. YOU CAN JUST OPEN YOUR EYES, RIGHT? OKAY, ON THREE: ONE, TWO...
...
OR, OF COURSE, THERE'S ALWAYS PLAN "B."

:HAAHHHH:
WELL, AFTER THAT IMAGINARY CLIMB, I IMAGINE I'M PRETTY EXHAUSTED.
THIS SUCKS. THIS WHOLE THING, IT REALLY, REALLY SUCKS. IT'S LIKE, THEY SAY THEY WANT TO TEACH ME STUFF.
I MEAN, "HOW TO GET HOME" WOULD BE GOOD.
AW, JEEZ.
OKAY, THINK. THINK HARD...
WOOP!
THIS ISN'T ONE OF THE HIGHER LEVELS OF THE IMMATERIA THAT MARGARET TALKED ABOUT. EVERYTHING SHIFTS AND CHANGES TOO MUCH.
I'M STILL IN THE DREAM-LIKE REGION. MAYBE I'M IN MISTY MAGIC LAND OR SOMEWHERE.
OH GOD, WHAT IF I GET LOST?
M-MAYBE THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO DEPRESSED PEOPLE... O-OR CRAZY PEOPLE.
THEY WANDER OUT OF THE SAFE AND SANE AREAS OF THEIR MINDS, AND THEY WIND UP SOMEWHERE BAD AND WILD AND...
...AND, UHH...
!

TRANCIPALITY OF
HY BRASIL
NEPTURA'S PROTECTORSHIP
TRAVELERS TURN BACK!
NEXT:
AMAZING GRACE!

IMAGINARY LINES

Write to us at 7910 Ivanhoe Ave., Suite 438, La Jolla, CA 92037, e-mail: promethea@wildstorm.com. All letters appreciated!™

Alan & J.H.,

In three issues you've created a brilliant urban fantasy on par with authors such as Charles de Lint and Neil Gaiman... fabulous. With all the imprints and creators scrambling... to make comics the way they used to be... you've actually done it. Great story and wondrous art work... I will buy every issue... and one can only imagine the other types of heroes or villains that might also similarly inhabit Promethea's world. Bravo, Alan, and congratulations on the launch of a great line of comics!

Eddie
Melbourne, FL

You have certainly put our storytellers in some fine company, Eddie. Though the question we're now pondering is this: What was the way comics used to be? Caniff and the Golden Age? A silver Kane? Lee and Kirby? Miller's *Daredevil* or Claremont's *X-Men*? "Who watches the Watchmen?" One nation under Image? Every medium rides a big ocean wave, with crests and crashes, stellar highs and embarrassing lows. But with each generation recalling fondness of a different era, what floats one's boat may sink another. If America's Best Comics can remind all of you of your favorite comics, then we know we're on the right course.

Hi,

Just a quick note to say that I'm enjoying this alot. My best friend just got me sucked back into the comic world and his timing is terrific if this is what's out there! Alan Moore is fabulous and so is J. H. Williams III. Thanks, and keep it up.

Beth Klamerus
sent by e-mail

We aren't the kind to shy away from such praise, so thanks, Beth! The cool thing about Beth's rave is that it comes as a result of her finding PROMETHEA by way of her friend. We know all of you who are reading our fine publication are enjoying it, but think of the poor souls who have yet to experience the wonder! Give a thought to who you know that will get a kick out of Sophie's new adventures, and pass along a copy. Don't worry, we'll make more!

Weeping Gorilla: SMACK!!!